

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

VOLUME II. NO. 11.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 63

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

D. Skinner, W. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, S. C. Bulkeley, Ed's.

TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE 140 FULTON STREET, SECOND FLOOR.

Original.

A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS, OCT. 22d, 1848.

BY REV. THEODORE CLAPP.

"In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began." *TITUS* i: 2.

In hope of an existence infinite in duration—ever progressive in knowledge, wisdom, worth, beauty and happiness. Let us here pause for a moment, and endeavor to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the sublime, amazing truth suggested by these words. What a thought! The mind of man will never be annihilated. It must last while the throne of its eternal Author shall endure. The terms most expressive of its inconceivable destiny are those mysterious words which no dictionary has yet defined *endless, boundless, ever-living*. Yon sun and stars may be extinguished, be put into a crucible in the great laboratory of the Almighty, and come out to illumine a renovated universe with diviner light: more years and ages, centuries and cycles roll off than the science of numbers can express; and we shall then live, take an exact survey of our past experiences, and look forward with unutterable emotions upon the new, fresh, divine and beautiful scenes of an ever-expanding eternity.

What ideas are these! When dwelt upon, thoughts fail, arguments fail, images fail. The dialect of mortals is insufficient to discuss the mighty theme. By selecting the sublimest symbols, by accumulating the most amazing periods, we cannot even approximate towards the truth. Our utmost efforts can only stay and strengthen the wings of imagination, as it endeavors to hover merely along the shores of that fathomless sea of being, which we cannot comprehend, but are destined to inherit.

You may feel inclined to ask, how do we know that the soul of man will live forever? The arguments in support of this doctrine are numerous and conclusive. But it is not necessary that I should mention them, in order to accomplish the purposes of this discourse. On the present occasion it will be assumed, in harmony with the belief of the wise and good in all ages and climes, that beyond the dark shores of death there is a land of spirits—a land where the countless millions of those who have descended to their graves, are now in the enjoyment of a conscious, happy existence—a land in which we shall all, sooner or later, be permitted to live and expand; and there, transporting thought! to resume sweet intercourse with those loved ones of earth, who

contributed to "make our mortal labors light." My object is, simply, to bring forward and illustrate some of those particulars which tend to show the surpassing, infinite value of the hope specified in the text—its important and diversified bearing on our temporal peace, welfare and prosperity. Or in other words, the endeavor will be made to direct your thoughts to the immense good which well-grounded anticipations of immortality can confer upon man in this world—this side the grave.

Without this hope, we should live and die, unacquainted with those refined and delicate sensations denominated piety, and from which the great and good of earth derive their sublimest happiness. But it may be asked, is there any necessary connection between the emotions of a devout heart, and the expectation of living forever in the world to come. I would make the following reply to this interrogatory. Suppose that, at this very instant, by convincing arguments, or any other means, each of us should become inspired with a deep, intense, and undoubting conviction that we had no souls—that the Bible, church and pulpit are themselves deluded touching this point, and are deluding the world; that what we call the mind is destined to pass away with the body—bend to the same stern, resistless law of change, decline and droop, die and go back to dust. Imagine I mean, that we were compelled to feel with absolute certainty, that as beast, bird, fish and insect retire at last from every blade of grass, flower, shrub, tree, plain, valley, hill, and mountain—from every region of water and air, to exist no more forever; so we too at the expiration of this feverish, transitory life are doomed to close our eyes on a glorious universe and be swallowed up with the dark gulf of eternal forgetfulness. Now I ask, with such a gloomy, revolting creed, could we possibly cherish the emotions of a devout soul; offer our adoration to the Supreme; rehearse sincerely the Lord's prayer; present upon the altar of this, or any other church the sacrifice of a calm, contented, thankful and rejoicing heart? This question requires no answer. We must look away with buoyant hope beyond the grave, before the thought of an Almighty Creator can inspire us with delight and wonder—before we can become enamored of the charms of virtue—cease to indulge and obey the bodily appetites—or exult in the evidences of infinity, omnipotence and boundless love displayed in the beautiful, but shadowy and evanescent scenes of the present world. When, person believes that a nobler immortal destiny awaits not himself and friends only, but all the race of Adam; he must become pious, his heart is instantly replenished with divine affections, and goes forth, spontaneously, to engage in the love, worship and service of the great Father.

Again, without the hope mentioned in the text, we cannot cherish right feelings—generous, expanded, benevolent affections and sympathies towards our fellow-beings. All that part of religion which respects our intercourse with others, is designated in the New Testament by the term, *Charity*. This word, as you are well aware, is employed in Scripture not simply to denote alms-giving, but also the various exercises of a truly benevolent spirit.

"—— A charitable soul,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine,
Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
Extend it, let thine enemies have part;
Grasp the whole world of reason, life and sense,
In one close system of benevolence;
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of Charity."

Suppose that the person now addressing you looked out upon this audience with the immovable faith, that his hearers ranked really no higher in the scale of creation than the cattle of the field; destined to-morrow to lie down with them in the same ditch, and exist no more, either here or hereafter. How obvious is it, that in his view man would be deserving of no more regard than a worm—equally abject, base and despicable. Upon this theory, to kill a man, would be the same in essence, as to kill a fly—it would be nothing more "than to divert from its customary channel the course of a little red fluid called blood, to lessen the number by one of the countless millions of contemptible and fugitive beings around us." Is it possible for a person under the sway of such a philosophy, to be clothed with the divine, superlative charms of Gospel benevolence? Charity is the one thing needful. Charity, my friends, is the origin and glory of the wide universe. It is the very soul, life, breath and atmosphere of God himself. It is the enchantress, that imparts to earth and time all their diversified forms of loveliness. Charity descends from the throne of the Invisible to inspire us with heaven-directed energies.—The soft tones of her voice melt our hearts like the melodies of an immortal choir. Her banner is the cross; her motto, God our Father, and man our brother. Her divinest beauties cast dim eclipse upon the splendors of the outward creation—the glories of the gorgeous, many-starred night—the effulgence of a meridian sun and all the wonders of those material worlds which roll their everlasting courses in the fields of space. Is it not perfectly apparent, that every man must remain incapable of the inspirations of this heavenly sentiment, so long as he believes in no God; in no Providence; in no Savior and in no existence beyond the sleep of death; so long as he seeks a refuge among the herd of mere animals, from the paramount claims of religion, conscience and immortality.

But when I look upon this audience through the telescope of the New Testament, I discover in each of you, a mind stamped with the lineaments of the Supreme Divinity—impressed with godlike, ever-progressive powers of thought, knowledge and love. I am enabled by the same means also, to foresee the development, and perfection which are reserved for this mind in the regions of futurity. I behold it at the moment of death bursting the vile fetter of sin, sense and earth—and beyond death, as it towers above the narrow scenes of time—travelling onward through unreckoned and indescribable lapses of duration. The Bible unfolds to our view the grandeur of the soul as it mingles with seraph, cherub, angel and the spirits of the just made perfect; as it becomes adorned with the immeasurable worth, wisdom and beauty of the world unfading. What, let me ask, are the dimensions of the human mind, when contemplated amid the inconceivable glories of an heavenly state. It is a God in miniature. I fall down before it with wonder, admiration and delight. I tremble at the thought of inflicting wrong upon a being created for a destiny so awful, mysterious and surpassing finite comprehension. With such sentiments, I must, of course, cherish towards my neighbors a regard, deference, attachment and philanthropy limited only by the faculties of my nature. And without a belief in the immortality of the soul, we should be absolutely incapable of those gener-

ous, disinterested thoughts, sympathies and actions denominated *charity* in the New Testament.

Once more, the expectation of a future world is necessary to make us contented with the present state. No delusion has caused more suffering among men, than the belief which almost universally prevails, that happiness on earth depends upon external condition and circumstances. We see mankind, everywhere, instigated by this chimera, struggling, striving, wearying, and wearing themselves out in their respective enterprises of ease, profit, pleasure, or aggrandizement. But up to the present moment, not one of the irreligious thousands belonging to present or past times, has discovered that "*el dorado*;" that emerald isle of unfading flowers; that fortunate concurrence of outward circumstances productive of unmingled enjoyment. Why? Because the realities of this material, visible, tangible world; however combined, or concentrated, are utterly insufficient to satisfy the capacious desires of an immortal spirit. As the magnetic needle is tremulous and unsettled, whenever its direction is not coincident with the meridian; so the human mind under the influence of hopes bounded by the grave, is always restless, fluctuating and disturbed. It sees the narrow limits of earth on every side. It feels chained down and confined as if in prison. The horizon of time presents no object sufficiently grand to meet its irrepressible aspirations. But when one's hopes go forth beyond the present state and fix themselves on the glories of infinitude; dignifying all the scenes of earth, however insignificant to the natural eye, by connecting them with the magnificence of an hereafter which cannot perish: that moment his mind bids farewell to sorrow and disquietude, and like the needle when it has found the true poles, sinks down upon the bosom of repose and is charmed with the beauties of an Elysian scene—the full fruition of its God, and his diversified, boundless universe. With the richest gifts of fortune you would be wretched, if devoid of those sentiments which soar upward to the illimitable, and connect themselves with an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

It is matter of absolute science, of rigorous demonstration—that the walls of this edifice, this pulpit, the leaves of this Bible, the materials of these pews, yon organ, our houses, our raiment, and all the inanimate substances around us, were once the component parts of living beings.

———"The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green, and poured round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man."

How beautiful are these lines! How full of rich instruction! Our globe is but an immense burying-place. *Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.* Now my friend, tell me truly, could you be happy in such a world as this, not knowing but that before the expiration of the present day, you might be swept away forever from this theatre of being; your warm, sunny, thrilled and animated existence be turned into cold clay, or dry dust, senseless and thoughtless forever-more? Can that person be happy?

"Who hails thee Man the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower—
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower."

Is it possible for any one to enjoy the present world,

with the contemptible belief that his highest nature is but a worthless weed cast upon these dark, tempestuous, rock-bound shores of time, by the billows of a Blind Chance, or Relentless Fate. It would be offering insult to your intelligence to suppose it necessary to answer these questions. It has been said, that man, without the hope of living hereafter, may be compared to a star struck from its orbit, wandering in the regions of space and night, without harmony, attraction, destination or end. Insensible to the presence of that Father, who has spread around us these scenes of beauty and gladness, he has no outward prop on which to lean, as he beholds the objects of his heart's strongest affections crumbling into dust. He has no inward resources, no prospect that satisfies his largest desires, no adequate shield against bereavement, sickness, sorrow and death. He is at the best, a poor, benighted, trembling spirit upon a bleak and boundless waste, destitute, depressed, forlorn and forsaken. Now let this unhappy man be visited with the inspirations of Christian hope, and he would immediately exclaim in rapture.

"My darkness and doubt, are now flying away,
 "No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See truth, love and mercy in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
 On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Once more. Without the hope of living forever the most dignified and capacious powers of our nature would tend to make us dissatisfied, and unhappy. We are apt to suppose, that persons of superior genius and attainments in learning, must, of course, possess an extraordinary share of enjoyment. Although it be admitted, that knowledge, abstractly considered, is a source of happiness; yet all experience shows, that no intellectual improvement unaccompanied with moral culture, is able to gratify, to any considerable extent, the inherent wants and desires of the human mind. Rousseau, Byron and Burns, may be cited as instances of the truth of this observation. Curiosity, like the other passions, which God has given us, is insatiable and illimitable. Suppose this morning we were to walk out of church, enriched with a stock of knowledge sufficient to produce a work equal to Newton's Principia, or Homer's Iliad, or the plays of Shakespeare. At the end of the next week, this mighty range of thought and attainment would seem to us familiar, ordinary and common-place. New, distant, unexplored fields of wonder would open before our view, forcing upon us the same sensation of ignorance, which we feel at the present moment. Such, then, is the organization of our minds, that we must be miserable without the prospect of everlasting advancement in knowledge.—Here the text comes to our aid. It makes it certain, that our faculties will go on unfolding and ripening forever; that our mental excursions will constantly become more sublime; our acquisitions more extended and efficient; and that thus, we shall ascend from height to height without ever reaching the acme—the final summit of intellectual attainments.

The same remarks are applicable to the highest power which we possess—that of being and doing good.—Suppose that we were this day, at once to be made free from every sin, stain and imperfection. Suppose that we were now immediately exalted to the moral standard of angels before the throne. And imagine again, that we were destined to advance no farther; but there to become stationary, and look out forever upon one undiversified scene of moral beauty. Now, I would ask, could we be happy in such a fixed, unvaried state of being, although entirely exempt from the blight and calamities of

sin? I answer, No. Our very existence would become a grievous, intolerable burden. For such is the nature of a good mind, that, always looking away beyond present attainments, it must fix its thoughts on a purer, loftier, nobler ideal of moral excellence which is yet to be realized at some future period of an ever-unfolding destiny. What a proof we have here, that our minds, not subject like the body to a limited growth, were created for infinitude, divine perfection—and endless progress, endless advancement! Yes, a religious nature, without the hope of immortality would make us unspeakably wretched. This fact is a glorious corroboration of the teachings of Jesus. It harmonizes with the doctrine, that beyond the grave there is a land of spirits—a land where the evils of time will exist only in memory—where instead of trials, there will be only triumphs, instead of darkness, only light; instead of pain, only pleasure; instead of the bitter tears of bereavement and want, the beamings of unmingled and ever-increasing joy in the eternal kingdom of our Father. It may seem to some an unwarranted and extravagant assertion to say, that the powers of knowledge and virtue, without the hope spoken of in the text, would be an evil only—and an evil more severe and terrible than words can express. Yet, to my mind, it is a proposition of whose truth I cannot entertain a doubt.

The hope, which we are considering, renders its possessor triumphant over the ills and sufferings of the present life. I am well aware, that to the unbeliever it sounds like fanaticism to speak of rising superior to the adverse fates and events which, with respect to all of woman born, checker, more or less, their entire course from the cradle to the tomb. But Christianity was given to enable us to achieve this glorious victory—to overcome the world—to assure the believer, that "*these light afflictions, which are but for a moment will work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*" Set before you the picture of one whose outward condition is the most unfavorable, that can be imagined. Let him be so poor as to be obliged to delve from morning to night to obtain a bare subsistence. Or let him be an inmate of yonder hospital, stretched on a bed of sickness, no friend nor acquaintance near him, and dependent entirely upon the charity of strangers. Even then, if inspired with a Christian hope, his soul would be lifted above sorrow by the exalting anticipations of undisturbed and eternal repose beyond the grave. It was this that made Paul happy, in the darkest hours of his pilgrimage, when encountering the severest forms of want, pain, peril and persecution. Although the outward world was to him a desert, yet the light and loveliness of heaven replenished his spirit; no rebellious, unholy passions agonized his heart; no doubts, and no fears clouded his future prospects. Sustained by the ennobling faith of the Gospel, as on the swift and peaceful pinions of a dove, he flew down the vista of time, hastening away to those higher scenes of being, of beauty and bliss that lie beyond the dark abyss of the grave.

There is another invaluable blessing, which the hopes of the Gospel confer upon the believer this side the grave. They make it certain, that he cannot be forever separated from the highest objects of his particular affections and endearment in this world—wife, children, relatives and friends. All the enjoyments of earth combined, are insufficient to satisfy a family, whose members are unblest with the light and anticipations of Christian faith. Consider for a moment the necessary drawbacks to the happiness of an irreligious home, under the most favorable circumstances possible. Let them possess unfailing, inexhaustible wealth, with the various advantages accruing therefrom. Let them be caressed, flattered and admired by all their acquaintances. Let that house be

the abode of as much beauty, sunshine and gladness as a mere worldly inheritance can impart. Of what avail will all these short-lived glories be without religion? For after a few more days, they must pass away, to exist no more. Those bright eyes must soon be closed and those tender ties of endearment be sundered by the ruthless hand of death. One after another of that domestic circle will be laid in the grave, till all are gathered to the habitations of eternity. How affecting is the history of the respective families to which we ourselves belong! Where now is partner, parent, brother, sister or child, that we loved as our own souls. O how cheering is the well founded hope that we shall see them once more in the land of immortality! God be praised, we shall there again hear those sweet voices "which we feared to hear no more"—there grasp again that father's hand, that was over us in infancy and childhood—there feel the renewed embraces of a mother's warm, immaculate and undying love—

"There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;"
Together hymning our Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,

While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere!"

Independently of the positive assertions of the Bible, the strongest argument in support of the much aspersed doctrine of Universal salvation, is the simple fact, that the hope of meeting the loved ones of earth in a brighter world, is absolutely essential to a calm, happy life, and to a faith triumphant over the horrors of death and the grave.

If all sinners could be inspired with the truths of this discourse—with the belief that their mental nature bears the glorious image of the Divinity, and contains in itself the elements of life eternal; they would immediately feel and act as becomes the disciples of Christ. The question is often asked, What considerations are best adapted to persuade the impenitent to return to the paths of rectitude and peace? Most divines seem to think that nothing can effectually rouse the wicked, but the doctrine that their guilt is so vast and aggravated as to render them liable to an everlasting punishment. But in my judgment, it is impossible to awaken christian sentiments in the mind of one who regards the Creator as capable of even exposing his children to such a fearful doom. If I thought that God was disposed or determined to punish those who die in their sins forever, I should tremble before his omnipotence, but turn away with inexpressible detestation from the contemplation of his moral character. Other minds, I presume are, essentially, constituted like my own. No sinner, then, can be brought to love God so long as he believes that Almighty wrath is one of his distinguishing attributes. Nothing can make men christians but the settled conviction, filling the whole soul, that the Power that has introduced them into this world without their consent, and watched over them in all their past vicissitudes of sickness and health, joy and sorrow, will continue to take care of them forever—will be the friend, strength, and portion of their spirits through eternity. The only infallible incentive to penitence and a good life is the unshaken belief, that immutable, infinite, boundless Love reigns over the events of time, and will at last conduct every sinner to participate in the serene, unclouded, ever increasing joy of an heavenly state. The Rev. Mr. Skinner, of New-York, in a late communication, makes the following remarks: "The doctrine of immortality supports virtue by giving the soul a sense of its own dignity. There is the widest difference imaginable between the feelings of a man who looks upon himself as a mere worm, and the man who regards himself as an angel, an immortal being, destined to hea-

ven, and to be the eternal companion of the great and wise of all ages and nations. One will be base and grovelling; all his thoughts and feelings will correspond to the views entertained of his destiny. You will see the worm in all his desires and purposes. The other will have high and noble aspirations. The feeling that he is immortal lifts him far above everything low, selfish, and degrading, and makes him walk worthy the true dignity of his nature—worthy one who is capable of advancing eternally in knowledge and perfection. What an inspiring and elevating sentiment! What a distaste does it create for the degrading employments of sin! What a nobleness does it give the soul, raising it above the vices that usually depress those who look upon themselves as having no pre-eminence over the beasts which perish."

Hope, then, not *fear*, is the great instrument to be relied upon in our efforts to reform the wicked.

O, how dreary and appalling are the prospects of all those who are unsupported by the light and faith of Christianity. Their very best possessions will soon flee away as shadows before the morning dawn. They live only to be broken by toil; to be wasted with sickness; to be racked with pain; to be desolated by one wave of sorrow after another, till they sink to rise no more. But the Christian passes through the trials and allotments of this mortal state, cheered with a hope ever bright and invincible. What a hope! Instinct with the divinity of its origin, it spurns the vile, limited and corruptible. Like a mighty conqueror it walks over the wide domains of mutability and the grave. Holding on its majestic march in defiance of every enemy, it crosses the gulf of death, the theatre of time, the boundaries of the visible creation, connecting the fates and fortunes of the believer with the unimaginable realities of a coming eternity.

I am well aware of the prevailing sentiment that in this world, the wicked man often enjoys more happiness than the sincere, enlightened Christian. And many divines argue, that on this account there must be a future state, where all the irregularities of our present moral condition will be rectified. But for myself, I must confess that I cannot see the reasonableness of this doctrine. Can that man be unhappy who believes that he will never die; that he is treading those paths of improvement that stretch onward to eternity? Let any one, however destitute of worldly advantages, realize as he looks out upon a vast, magnificent creation, that he is indeed a child of its infinite Author—bound to his throne by indissoluble ties—a child ennobled and redeemed by the mission of Jesus—an heir of immortality: and instead of depression, or gloom, or doubt, he will be filled with unutterable joy in view of the arrangements which Omnipotent Love has made for his present and everlasting welfare. Remember, that to be religious is to see God, to live with him, to imbibe his spirit, to partake of his perfections; to reflect, in a degree, his moral and intellectual splendors, and by unwavering trust in his providence to triumph over time and nature, frailty and change, sin, corruption, and the grave. The truly pious, therefore, are the only happy ones of earth. Seek then, above all things, my friends, to become inspired with the *hope of life eternal*. This attainment will confer upon you every good which you can conceive of or desire. It will enrich your intellect with the divinest truth, refine your taste, exalt your affections, and give an all-subduing energy to your moral sense. It will make your character wise, prudent, beauteous and beneficent. It will free you from all distracting doubts and painful fears. It will enable you to overcome all wayward, perverse, guilty and dishonorable passions. If in youth, it will invest you with that bloom which will survive the dissolution of the body, and grow more lovely forever. If in middle life, it will impart to you that wisdom and power requisite

to encounter its various trials and temptations. If sink ing beneath the decrepitude and infirmities of age, it will reanimate your spirit with the visions of celestial and immortal beauty.

Boston Correspondence of the N. Y. Observer.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

Boston, Dec. 8.

The Massachusetts Reform School, the first of the kind in the world established by State authority and patronage, was suggested by the generosity of an unknown benefactor; who, by the gift of \$20,000 to the object, has stimulated the legislature to appropriate \$80,000 for the requisite building, &c.

On Thursday, the 7th, a meeting of two or three hundred citizens, from different parts of the State, was held at Westboro for its dedication.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Pierce; an eloquent address was delivered by Hon. Emory Washburn; and very appropriate remarks were made by his Excellency, Gov. Briggs and others.

Mr. Washburn sketched the various improvements in criminal jurisprudence, from the time of Blackstone, when about 160 different offences were punished as capital, down to the present period, when the reformation and salvation of the offenders, especially of young culprits, are coming to be regarded with equal interest with the economy and security of the public.

He alluded to the beauty and sublimity of wise laws, established by public consent—omnipotent in influence—yet so mild in operation, as hardly to be perceived, till resisted—and, like judicious parental authority, designed to bless, reclaim, and save the disobedient.

The fate of the offending child, *for eternity*, might depend on the manner of punishing or restraining,—whether in manifest love, or unhallowed passion and vengeance.

Here was an institution, he said, for offenders under 16, in a remarkably moral and healthy region—sequestered from the contaminations of rum, tobacco, theatres, oaths, impure air, rags, &c.—furnished with ample farms, gardens and workshops—surrounded with prospects well fitted to raise the mind to the beneficent Creator—and supplied with superintendents, men of wisdom and piety, who would habitually bring the very best appliances of knowledge, religion, industry and kindness, to bear on the heart. Such an institution, surely, every philanthropist, every wise citizen, would “*bid God speed*.”

Gov. Briggs referred with appropriate and touching eloquence to the unknown gentleman, whose munificence had led to the purchase of those grounds, and the erection of this crowning ornament of the State of Massachusetts; and the probable happy state of his heart beating in unison with the eternal source of good—contrasted with that of the political aspirant, or the devotee of wealth clinging to perishing idols till separated by death.

He also stated some very remarkable circumstances connected with the recent establishment of an institution for similar objects in another State by a *widow lady*—who in the face of obloquy and ridicule, rented a house, advertised for juvenile delinquents, received 8 or 10, and enlisted the generous sympathies of the good, to provide appropriate accommodations for 80 or 90; at the head of whom, in the capacity of a most intelligent steward, was one rescued *by herself* from prison, on his giving bail for his good behavior.

There is fresh promise, surely, of a brightening age, and new illustration of that divine wisdom and jurisprudence, denominated “*The law of kindness*.”

The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are as bold as a lion.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER.—NO. XXVIII.

GENOA, Monday, }
August 28, 1848. }

On our way from Turin to this place, we passed during the night several large towns, and met or passed many troops of soldiers, foot and cavalry, with their heavy artillery, and baggage wagons. Most of the way the road was lined with companies of the military belonging to the Sardinian army, which is concentrating at Alessandria, since its inglorious withdrawal from Milan. It is thought by many, that Charles Albert, who started with such mighty courage, last spring, determined to drive the Austrians out of Italy, has been treacherous to his country, fearing more the growth of Republicanism at home, than the valor of the Austrian army under Radetski. His base retreat from Milan, when the people were ready to fight for their liberty, his falsification of his promises to defend a city which had done so much for him, has brought a cloud over his character and courage which will not soon pass away. He is now looked upon as a faithless and imbecile monarch, anxious only for the security of his life and the permanency of his throne.

At the break of day we approached Alessandria. Multitudes of men were busy at work building up the outer walls and repairing the ramparts and other defences of the city and castle. Companies of soldiers were manoeuvring in the suburbs, where their tents were standing in a regular military encampment. It is an unpleasant old town, but strongly fortified, and hence chosen by the King for his residence *just now*. The fortifications consist not merely in ramparts too lofty to be scaled, but it is so contrived that a large tract of country surrounding the city can be flooded in case of an attack, and thus prevent an approach to the walls of the town. Many people suspect the King fled from Lombardy by agreement, having found that the safety of Kings was endangered, and that he has chosen this strong place to defend himself against his own people. Hard things are whispered of him at Turin, because he has left that fine city open to the attack of the enemy and has retreated to one side of his realm to shield his own person from danger. It is an old saying, that “whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.” This singular management of their sovereign has greatly exasperated the people, and will serve to hasten his certain doom. Nobody can explain his conduct but on the ground that he has clandestinely formed an agreement with Radetski to retire from the field of contest and take care of his own throne, and the waning fortunes of his kingdom, preserving them, if possible, from the leveling spirit of Republicanism which is sweeping with such resistless strength over all the civilized world.

After spending a few hours in Alessandria we started for this place. Soon after passing out of the gates of the city we entered upon the plain and passed over the famed field of Marengo, where, by an accidental turn in the fortunes of war, Bonaparte plucked laurels which his antagonist thought were for his own brow. The field is now *better used*, being covered with corn to support, and not kill, mankind. Which deserves the greatest honor, those who now till its bosom for good, or they who stained that bosom with the blood of those whom it would have nourished? A fit question for some Yankee debating club.

Before noon we had crossed the plain and commenced the ascent of the Appenines, which are but a continuation of the Alps, bending to the south-east, along the borders of the Mediterranean. In two hours we accom-

plished the ascent by an excellent road, no part of it being difficult, except the last mile or so. From the summit, which is dried and barren, we caught our first view of the Mediterranean. The range of vision from this point is extensive and grand; but we did not stop long to enjoy it. Two horses were unhitched and sent on their way down the mountain. We followed after by one of the crookedest roads ever passed. It was zig-zag, turn-and-twist, all the way, and very steep at that. We soon came into the region of vines, then of figs, and olives, and lemons. A Railroad is in progress, which is to pass *over* this mountain, or *through* it, by an inclined plane. It will be a vast work, and when completed, of great value to Genoa and Piedmont. At present, freight is conveyed by heavy wagons, to which are often attached twelve and sixteen horses.

We reached this place at 3, P. M., where we have been these three days. It is not so fine a city as we expected to see from what we had heard of it. It is beautifully located, however, extending from the charming Bay up the side of the mountain, and reaching along the shore for several miles. East of the city, the country, studded from the hills to the sea, all over with fine white villas, is very beautiful; though at the present moment it is exceedingly dry, and the vegetation nearly destroyed. The streets of the city are narrow and crooked, and the houses high. This, however, renders the city cool and comfortable this hot weather. There are several palaces which contain paintings of merit. Here is also the house where Columbus' parents lived, near which is an unfinished monument to the great Discoverer.

We attended church, or more properly *churches*, yesterday, for they are open here all the time; and as they contain the richest display of architecture, painting and sculpture, they become objects of attraction rather than places of worship, to the observing traveller. Some of them are among the finest buildings in any land, containing all the evidences of wealth and extravagance. It is, I should judge, fashionable to attend church here, for generally we found them well filled, and with a better portion of citizens than we have been in the habit of seeing for a few weeks past. Though of their real character, we can form no safe opinion, as this is a fashionable and *dressy* place. The costume of the ladies is peculiarly light, cool, and beautiful. Their dresses are of a light and handsome stuff, and for bonnets, they wear a thin white lace veil, thrown carelessly over the head and shoulders, and flowing nearly down to the knees. It is gathered in folds on the forehead to keep it from covering the face. It is a very romantic and beautiful dress, admirably appropriate to this climate, and fitted to make a favorable display of the person of the wearer. It is so common in all classes, that scarce a bonnet is seen in a whole congregation, and when they are, they indicate a foreigner. In one of the churches a sermon was preached on the *political* affairs of the country. An immense crowd was in attendance to hear it.

The language of the citizens generally is neither Italian, French, Spanish, or anything else, but a miserable *patois*, which nobody can understand but themselves. The people seem to be in a tolerably comfortable condition, but the whole city wears the marks of former splendor and magnificence which is now fast waning. Our Hotel (Feter) was once a private palace. The room in which I now write is finished in the grandest style, its walls and ceilings are richly frescoed, and everything bears the signs of the pride and wealth of its former occupant. Palaces are less needed now than formerly, and so common that the veriest democrats can habitate in them.

A good deal of excitement prevails here at the present moment, growing out of the state of affairs in Italy.

The opinion prevails here as well as in Turin, that Charles Albert has not acted in good faith, that he is more careful of his throne than he is of the independence of Italy. The remembrance of the Republican days of Genoa still lives, and the people will not rest. Multitudes are at work this moment, tearing down the two fortresses by which the troops of the line could command the town. In fact, so far as Genoa is concerned, the people have everything their own way. But they complain that they are yet subject to a king who is careless of their welfare and the honor and happiness of their country. The people want *One Italy*—without Austria; for the great principle now at work everywhere is Association. "One Italy, one interest, one honor," is the cry of the people here, as "No Austria, no Prussia, but *one* Germany," is the watchword on the other side of the Alps.

Yesterday, several hundred prisoners of war marched through the city on their way back to Austria to be exchanged. A more wretched set of poor fellows were never seen; famished, ragged, filthy; with the sick and wounded in carts! An awful sight! Oh, the horror and wickedness of war! How long will God permit man to slay his brother man? Till Partialism ceases to have power, and Universal Love lives in every heart. God speed that day. Brethren, preach it; preach it more fully, more universally. The world needs it. Millions die morally and naturally in ignorance of it, who might be saved if it were understood, and its power felt. God make those who know its worth, faithful in its defence and propagation. Then shall a better day dawn upon the nations of the earth, and the word of prophecy be fulfilled, that nation shall no more lift up sword against nation, neither shall the people learn war any more. Every man shall set down under his own vine and fig-tree, and undisturbed partake of the bounties of a common Father's goodness. Blessed hope! It comforts the soul which is made sad by looking upon the wrongs and desolations of this beautiful land.

W. S. B.

ORDINATION OF BR. JAMES W. DENNIS.

The Ordaining Council of the New Jersey State Convention of Universalists, assembled in the Session room of the Universalist church, Newark, N. J., on Wednesday evening, 27th Dec. to consider the application of Br. James W. Dennis to be ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry. Br. Samuel W. Bond of Newark was called to the chair, and after prayer by Br. Wm. S. Balch, the candidate was examined in relation to his moral and Christian character, his faith, his ability to perform the duties of the ministry, and his object in entering it. Entire satisfaction having been given on these points, it was unanimously decided to grant the request of the applicant. The council then proceeded to the church, when the following order of service was observed:

Reading Scriptures, Br. Gallagher. Prayer, Br. Moore. Sermon, Br. Asher Moore of Hightstown, N. J. Ordaining prayer, Br. H. B. Soule, Hartford, Ct. Charge and delivery of Scriptures, Br. W. S. Balch, N. Y. Right Hand of Fellowship, Br. James Gallagher, Newark, N. J. Benediction, Br. Dennis.

The evening was exceedingly unpleasant, which made the congregation small. The services, however, were interesting and appropriate. Br. Dennis, who was set apart to the work of the ministry, enters upon his duties with every prospect of success and usefulness. He has taken charge of the Society in New London, and we heartily commend him to the kindness and confidence of the people there. On behalf of the council,

JAMES GALLAGER, Clerk.

If you faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

N. Y. BAPTIST REGISTER, vs. UNIVERSALISM.

The New York Baptist Register is one of the oldest and probably the most widely circulated paper of that denomination published in this State, if not in the United States. It is published in Utica, and has been edited by Alexander M. Beebe, if not from the beginning, at least for more than twenty years, or from the time we moved to this city in 1827, till now. And among all the editor's derelictions from duty, and from the strictest Orthodoxy, in theory and practice, he has never yet been guilty of showing the least deference, respect, or fairness to Universalists or their opinions. He has never been known to neglect a convenient opportunity of uttering or retailing slanders against our sentiments and characters; nor, when once uttered, has he ever been known to retract them, though clearly proved to be false, and libellous in the extreme. He has always been true to his principles, exhibited towards us a peculiarly sour, yet Pharisaically sanctimonious phiz, like the priest and the Levite, passing us by on the other side, and seemed to say, "I thank God that I am not like other men, susceptible of being softened by the common civilities and socialities of life into anything approximating to gentlemanly or decent treatment of Universalists."

We have had three numbers of this *embodiment of the Baptist Orthodoxy of the State*, bearing date in November and December, put into our hands for the purpose of being noticed. (For it should be borne in mind that the editor of the Register has never been guilty of the heinous sin of *exchanging* with us, or sending us a copy of any of his slanderous assaults upon us, or upon Universalism.) These three numbers contain a series of articles over the signature of "Mentz," entitled, "Universalism not the religion of the Bible," in which we suppose the writer thinks he has successfully maintained his proposition, and annihilated that troublesome heresy, called Universalism. We propose, briefly to review these articles, that our readers may see the desperate straits to which our opposers are driven, and the kind of arguments to which they will stoop in order to overthrow a doctrine of which they are evidently inexcusably ignorant.

Our Baptist writer introduces his subject by quoting from St. Paul the following excellent motto: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." He then adds the following:

"But as the only sure method of proving all things, is by comparison with some perfect standard of truth and excellence, the question may arise, Where shall we find that standard? Some have supposed that they find this in human reason, and hence they give to it supreme authority, and the highest right of decision in all matters of faith and morality. But the true Christian rejects this as a false standard."

To this conclusion of the writer we object. It is not true that the true Christian *rejects reason as a false standard*. Right reason is never false. God requires us to use our reason. The Bible is an appeal to our reason. "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord." "Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" It is true, as this writer afterwards maintains, that "many of the truths of the Bible are direct revela-

tion, and, therefore, above human reason;" but it does not follow that they are *opposed* to human reason, or that the latter is a false standard. Reason, when unperverted, is right, as far as it goes. Revelation may bring to man truths, which reason, unaided by its light, could never have reached; but which it approves when it sees that reason is to revelation what the natural eye is to the telescope. The telescope does not oppose but aids and extends the natural vision of the eye. So Revelation does not oppose, but aids and extends the discoveries of reason. As the telescope could be of no use to a blind man, so revelation were of no use to man without reason. It were as useless to man as to the brute creation. No man ever opposed reason till reason first opposed his foolish and irrational dogmas or notions. But when men adopt unreasonable and foolish theories, they turn enemies to reason, and, to use the expressive language of another, "they will reason against reason, use reason against the use of reason, and show a very good reason why reason is good for nothing." Reason must be the judge, both of the authority and true meaning of revelation.

Universalists receive the Bible as a true revelation from God, addressed to their reason and understanding as rational and accountable beings. This is our highest authority, our standard of truth; and we agree with the writer under review, when he says, "[I]t is our duty and right to appeal to it, and to demand of every doctrine that it be supported by plain passages of Scripture, such as are not likely to be misunderstood—that it be a doctrine which is calculated to make men better, and that it harmonize with *all* the facts and principles of Christianity."

This, then, being the acknowledged standard of our Baptist writer, we acknowledge it as ours. But will he, will the Baptists generally, abide by it? We doubt it. Let us see. Now, Universalists do not depend on parables, metaphors, tropes and figures, to prove their doctrine, but on plain, positive passages of Scripture, such, to use this writer's own language, "as are not likely to be misunderstood," unless it be through tradition and sectarian prejudice. For instance, where Paul says, God "is the Savior of all men," "will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth"—"worketh all things after the counsel of his own will"—"hath made known to us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself, that in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in him;" and where Peter says, "God hath spoken of the restitution of all things by the mouth of all his holy Prophets since the world began." (1 Tim. ii. 4; 4. iv. 10; Eph. i. 9—11; Acts iii. 21;) we ask, who without prejudice, or sectarian partiality, could ever construe the language to favor the Baptist or Orthodox notion of Partialism, or endless misery, or in any other sense than that favoring Universalism? Are not these "plain passages of Scripture, such as are not likely to be misunderstood?" Let the reader decide.

But our Baptist writer in the Register, after laying down the standard of truth above referred to, says, "by it we propose to test the claims of Universalism to being the religion of the Bible. In doing this, we shall state their religious opinions as found in the sermons, essays, and other writings of their established authors, in the language of the writers themselves; and then, bringing each doctrine to the word of God, we shall test its claim to being a truth of divine revelation."

Well then, now for the test, the proof that Universalism is "not the religion of the Bible." What is the first proof adduced? Why, *mirabile dictu*! it is this, that "Universalists deny

the doctrine of the Trinity!" O, horrible! What a sad predicament Universalists are in! And what makes the matter still worse for us, is this, that our Register writer actually *proves* the first part of his position, viz., that Universalists *do* deny the doctrine of the Trinity. He proves this by quotations from Rev. I. D. Williamson and Rev. Thomas Whittemore, two acknowledged Universalist preachers! Now we wonder this sapient writer, when his hand was in, did not add another equally pertinent proof that "Universalism is not the religion of the Bible"—we are fortunate to have escaped that other shaft which he *might* have hurled at our heads—we wonder he forgot it—viz., that Universalists deny that Mahomet was God's true and specially anointed prophet! or this other equally pertinent and clear proof, viz., that we deny that the world was actually burnt up and came to an end in 1843, according to Miller's prediction!

Having proved his minor proposition, viz., that Universalists deny the doctrine of the Trinity, our redoubtable champion next proceeds to prove his major, viz., that to deny the Trinity is to stand in opposition to the Bible. But the question may arise in sensible minds, how will he go to work to prove this, when neither the word *Trinity*, *Trinitarianism*, *Triune God*, *Tri-personal God*, nor any other word, phrase or sentence equivalent thereto, nor any thing else even looking in that direction, occurs, or can be found in all the Bible? But what is all the pretended or attempted proof, urged in support of this proposition by our Baptist Champion? Look, reader, listen—its Alpha and Omega, its all is simply the spurious text found in 1 John, verse 7, relative to the three witnesses! Now, allowing this text to be genuine—the real language of inspiration—it would come far short of proving his position; for it says nothing of the Trinity, nor hints anything equivalent to it. If genuine, it would no more prove the Trinity than 1 Cor. iii. 6—8, proves Paul and Apollos, to be one and the same being. But the reader should know that 1 John v. 7, is spurious, was never written by John, nor ever found in his epistle for many centuries after his death; that it is a forgery inserted there to prove the Trinity, because no part of the Bible contained any proof—a wretched forgery too, for it fails entirely of its object. The text was never found in any Greek manuscript written earlier than the fifteenth century; nor in any Latin manuscript earlier than the ninth century; nor in any of the ancient versions; nor was ever cited by any of the Greek writers; nor was admitted into the versions and translations of Erasmus, Aldus, Calineus, Zuinglius, Griesbach, Luther, Dr. A. Clarke, and other eminent biblical critics, they all regarding it as an interpolation or forgery. So much for the first proof furnished by "Mentz," that Universalism is not the Religion of the Bible. D. S.

[To be continued]

A GREAT BUSINESS.

Rev. S. Streeter married one hundred and sixty-nine couples last year. He ought to be a happy man to have an opportunity of doing so much good. He had a few days before the year closed, one more engaged, but the parties failed to make their appearance.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

The Methodist Society of North Bennett-street, Boston, has kindly offered its Vestry to the Rev. Mr. Streeter's Society, for the use of its Sabbath School and its Conference Meetings. Bigotry is waning.

THE PROFIT OF GODLINESS.

There is no doctrine more distinctly taught in the Bible, than the profit of godliness. We find it in all those passages which represent religion as controlling the passions, directing the steps, and moulding the heart into the image of God; which represent it as revealing the great law of duty, guarding us against the deceitfulness of sin, and clothing us with the garments of beauty and salvation. But though this doctrine is thus distinctly taught, there is none about which such a lurking scepticism has gathered, or which has had less practical influence. We see all people constantly doubting and denying it, constantly discarding it in some of the greatest and most important concerns of life. How much ungodliness is there in the world. There is no station but that is disgraced by it; there is no enjoyment, but that is embittered by it, and no holy law, but that it has weakened its influence. Now these things would not be so, if people uniformly acted upon the principle that godliness is better than ungodliness; for happiness is the great object of all our actions—it is our "being's end and aim."

But why are these things so? Why is a truth rejected which comes to us in all the clearness of light, and the power of demonstration? I answer, because people have entirely mistaken the nature of godliness. The idea has been almost universal, that godliness is something exceedingly uncomfortable and burdensome, wholly unsuited to the buoyancy of health, the sprightliness of youth and the gladness of prosperity. Men have dressed it up in the habiliments of gloom and melancholy, and commanded the world to bow down and do it reverence. They have said, life is uncertain; that we know not how soon the angel of death may mark us as his victim; and therefore, we had better become godly. Now the simple meaning of such exhortations is—we had better put up with the inconvenience of godliness, we had better wear a galling yoke, than to run the risk of a sudden and unexpected death, and thus of being cut off without an opportunity of becoming holy. Nor is this all—such explanations plainly imply, that if we were only certain of living to old age and of becoming godly before death, we had better not become so now; that it would be for our interest to put it off; for by so doing, we should have all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of godliness. Hence people calculate on the probable chance of becoming godly in their last sickness, and hence so many who embrace, or perhaps I should say, profess godliness on what they suppose to be the bed of death, renounce it the very instant their health is restored.

There is good philosophy in all this; and the propriety of becoming godly, is settled by the regular rules of speculation. They take the course which promises the most happiness, the greatest good; and though in so doing, they run some risk, they remember the speculating maxim, "Nothing venture, nothing have;" and therefore they say, we will run the hazard.

Ministers are the chief cause of all this speculation—a speculation infinitely more fatal to the interests of religion, than any speculating mania has been to the interests of our country. And I say again, the ministers are the chief cause.—And how singular that community should bear with them as they have. They wish us to purchase at their hands that which they admit to be burdensome and disagreeable, having no profit in this world—and because we will not, they denounce us as being blind and stupid and insensible of our own interest. But what success could men expect in the sale of things which they declare to be useless and disagreeable? Suppose they should threaten us with punishment if we did not buy

and use that which is in no way profitable here—could this move us? Now this is precisely the principle on which we have been exhorted to become godly. We have been told that godliness is gloomy and unsocial, infusing a cold and saddened spirit into the heart, and requiring of its possessors a demure gait, a lengthened pace, a disfigured aspect; that it causes them to take their stand amid the circles of gaiety and youth, and groan forth their anathemas upon all who refuse their counsels. Seeing no profit in this godliness, with respect to this world; seeing no present advantage which could be urged, as a motive for its adoption, ministers have directed all their efforts to make people think that death will come suddenly and unexpectedly. They would persuade you, if possible, to believe that already had your pulse begun to beat faintly; that already is the angel of death on his way to execute his solemn commission; that already is the door of eternity, opening to receive you; and that the present moment is in all probability the only one you will ever have to embrace Christ. Now all this is upon the idea that, if we could only have a lease of our lives for any length of time, there would be no motive to become godly till this lease was out. Hence such a vast number of those who are converted by over-wrought descriptions of the fear of hell, and of the uncertainty of life, return again to their former courses when they duly reflect upon the probable chances of having their lives prolonged. Converts thus made will not be steadfast, because there is no truth in what is told them about the probability of the immediate and sudden approach of death. There was a few years since a great revival in this State, and four hundred converts were reported as its fruits. But it was said, that not ten of those converts remained long in the faith. A poor compliment this to the revival measures, and the godliness to which these men were converted. But this whole theory is exploded by the single declaration of the Bible. Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is. A godliness without present profit! what an anomaly! what an arrangement for an infinitely wise and gracious God! While such sentiments are taught, is it strange that there are infidels in the world; that there is bold and scoffing contempt of the Gospel—a systematic warfare against what is called religion? Is it strange there is so much heartlessness in those who profess to be godly? for how can people love what is so totally unsuited to their nature? Is it strange that our opposers so generally say, if they believed as we do respecting the future state, they would not put themselves to the trouble of being godly; for is not their godliness a trouble, a hindrance, a heavy burden, a grievous yoke? But how unlike the godliness of Christ! His yoke is very easy—his burden light. Here, then, we see, why people have such a general aversion to godliness. It is in consequence of its spurious nature—because the godliness which has been urged upon them is wholly unlike that of the Bible—because it is a godliness without profit.

O. A. S.

FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON.

The damage done this church by the fire, was assessed at \$1,200. The repairs will be completed in about two months.

MERCY AND TRUTH.

Mercy and Truth have met together, says the Bible. How much mercy is there in the doctrine of endless woe? About as much as there is truth.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

In another part of our paper will be found an article from the N. Y. Observer on the above subject. We cannot allow such an article to pass unnoticed. It treats upon a subject in which all should feel a lively interest—the application of the law of kindness to punish criminals. We were not prepared for such excellent sentiments from such a source. We almost queried whether they were not there by mistake. They are so discordant with the doctrine of vengeance and retribution, which demands blood for blood, which we have been accustomed to see advocated in Orthodox papers. We really begin to think with the writer, that “there is fresh promise of a brightening age.”

The institution alluded to, is an illustration of the modified and improved spirit of our age, which seeks a practical *experiment* of the Apostles' command to “overcome evil with good.” We have no doubt of its success, if properly managed. There is no power in the wide world so mighty as Love. It conquers all things. But the world has been blind to its virtues and demands. It has been unbelieving, and so sought, by retaliatory punishment, to effect a reconciliation and obedience which can be accomplished by kindness only. Step by step, the old law of retaliation has been modified and humanized, till our Legislators are beginning to learn the importance of exhibiting a right spirit in the laws they enact, that all may see that it is *goodness* and not *vengeance* which prompts them to demand the obedience of all the people—that its punishments are for reformation, and not retribution, or retaliation. There remains a great work to be done. It is not enough to correct the past. Direction is to be given to the future. The punishment of offences is not a primary object of the law. It is not an end, but a means. The law is given as a rule of conduct. The penalty is added to enforce obedience. The need of it grows out of the fact that an erroneous theology has established in many minds the false doctrine of the serpent, that “In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt not surely die.” As the true character and object of the Divine government becomes better understood, the severity of punishment is diminished and crimes become less frequent. Let once the offender know that the law seeks the good of all—*his own good*, even, in the punishment it inflicts, and he will, from his heart, yield it his obedience. On the other hand, so long as he thinks the law unjust, and its executors *unkind*, he will remain unreconciled and disobedient. Hence it is that the infliction of any severe and unmerciful punishment awakens a spirit of revenge, and is usually followed by an increase of crimes. Instances of this kind are common. A recent case has occurred. About the middle of October last, a man was executed for murder, in Honesdale, Pa. Since that date, *four murders* have been committed within *sixteen miles* of that place! Who will say the effect of this law of blood is salutary? that life is secured by its operations?

The world must be convinced of the practical force of the old law, that “there is no peace to the wicked,” while “in keeping the commandments there is great reward.” This truth once established in the mind, and made a rule of action, and all is well. And when, through ignorance, one disobeys, he must be taught a concordant truth, that God, and good men punish in kindness for his good, for his reformation and future obedience, that he may be made “partaker of the divine holiness.” The moment his heart acknowledges this truth, it yields a cheerful submission, and he is saved. Severity, cruelty, retaliation can never do this work. It is accomplished only by the “law of kindness.”

W. S. B.

TEMPERANCE STATISTICS.

A gentleman who was somewhat extensively engaged, in the fashionable custom in this metropolis, of making calls on New Year's day, has obligingly furnished us with the following statement of his observations, in regard to the state of feeling on the temperance question, among those on whom he called. The statement speaks for itself.

"The proportion of Orthodox families that offered wine was equal to four out of every five. The proportion of Universalist families that offered wine, was equal to seven out of every twenty."

While in common with every friend of our cause, we feel to rejoice at the very flattering view presented in the above statement, of interest in the great and glorious cause of temperance among our own people, as compared with other denominations, we cannot withhold an expression of our regret, that even so small a proportion of them should have been found willing to sacrifice principle to fashion, by lending their countenance to a custom, that certainly cannot be attended with benefit to any living soul, but which has been productive of much evil, and may lead to consequences that every benevolent soul must shudder to contemplate. But, says one, does not the Bible say, "Give wine unto those that be of heavy hearts; and strong drink to him that is ready to perish." We answer, yes, and we think it accords perfectly with the injunction in the text, to say that it should be left for the use of such entirely. Did we believe in a less cheering and glorious system of faith than we now have, we cannot say but that we might need some appliance of the sort to render us oblivious of the awful prospect before us, and to stifle the sad thoughts that would be awakened within us whenever we thought of the possible or probable destiny that awaits kindred and friends in eternity. It might save us from perishing in despair at once, to have a drop or two now and then. But what occasion have we, as Universalists, for any such thing? Not the least in the world. Called as we are to contemplate the wonders of redeeming love, as displayed in the salvation of the world from sin and sorrow, we must, if we realize our faith at all, be always happy; in the language of the poet—

"The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create."

And in such a state of mind and feeling, it would seem to us the last thing in the world to be desired, to have our minds stupefied with strong drink, or our perceptions blunted with wine. We should strive to keep all our senses clear, and our faculties unimpaired, that we may be able more clearly to perceive the Creator's goodness, and be made more sensible of his love. We think that no Christian, certainly, will disagree with us in saying, that those who have partaken most largely of the wine of the kingdom, will have the least desire for any other. We earnestly hope, therefore, that for the sake of consistency, and from an imperative sense of duty, that all, who have been betrayed into the practice or the appearance of this evil, in the matter referred to in this article, may be led, henceforth, to refrain from a custom which is as sinful in the sight of God, as it is at variance with an enlightened public sentiment. That will be a dark day for our country when dram-drinking, either on New Year's day, or any other, shall be again considered fashionable and respectable; and it should be remembered by all, that a fearful responsibility will rest upon those who allow it to become so through their example. Let Universalists but act consistently with their principles in this matter, and there is no fear that they will continue to occupy the proud pre-eminence, which rightful-

ly belongs to them, as first and foremost in that grand enterprise, which is truly and emphatically the cause of God and of humanity.

S. C. B.

ONTARIO ASSOCIATION—ALIVE.

We cheerfully give place to the following, from Bro. Johnson, and devoutly hope that it may stimulate others, to imitate his worthy example of zeal and faithfulness in the cause.

Is there any association in this State in a more healthy condition than old Ontario? We have no schisms, no dead societies, no rationalistic or transcendental preachers. Our *active preachers* are all *gospel men*. The societies *all* (I believe), have preaching.

By the way, is there any association in the State that holds as many *conferences* as Ontario? In the last two years we have held *eight* two days conferences, and two days meetings at the two annual sessions! Thus have we devoted *twenty days* extra to the spread of the Gospel, *as a body*, in the past two years! Has any other Association done as much? or more? Let *Standing Clerks* answer!

By the by, do our *clerks* try to get up conferences, in *new* places, in orthodox churches? or in dead societies? Of the eight conferences which we have held in the past two years, and one now in prospect, *five* have been held in Methodist and Presbyterian meeting houses! Thus, we carry Universalism where it is needed most, and we have been kindly treated. Four thousand five hundred dollars have been subscribed for Clinton Institute, by the societies and individuals in our Association. Deem it not egotism when I say that I have been instrumental in getting up most of the above meetings. As a clerk, I deem it *a duty and pleasure to work for the cause*. During the past year I have attended *five* conference meetings, have written *seventy* sermons, *sixty-four* letters, preached in thirty-four different places, married ten couples, preached *twenty* funeral sermons in my vicinity, and have preached, in all, *one hundred and forty sermons*. My labors are divided between *Victor and Bristol*, in both of which places we are prospering.

If any other clerk has done more than I, I shall *certainly*, with great pleasure, see his report in the "Messenger."

Yours,

J. R. JOHNSON.

ORDINATION AT GENEVA, N. Y.

The Conference and Ordination at Geneva, Jan. 3d and 4th, was a very pleasant and profitable season of refreshing grace. The attendance was quite respectable in numbers and appearance. Sermons were preached by Brs. N. Brown, O. Roberts, J. J. Austin, G. W. Montgomery, N. Snell, J. R. Johnson, and J. M. Austin, (Occasional Ordination Sermon.) Ample provision was made for the accommodation of all in attendance, and all were received by our kind friends in Geneva, who have reason to feel much encouraged in view of their religious prospects. The Lord's work of saving men from sin and false doctrines, is reviving there, under the judicious labors of Br. Case. In addition to the ministers above named, Fathers Miles and Ackley were present and aided in the services. At the close of the Conference, \$14 were taken at a collection to pay expenses of clergymen present. Long shall I remember this Conference as a joyous season.

Ordination services on the 4th:

Reading Scriptures, by Br. N. Brown.

Original Hymn, (written by E. Case, Jr.)

Prayer, by Br. O. Roberts.

Original Hymn, (written by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.)

Ordination Sermon, by Br. J. M. Austin.

Ordination Prayer, by Br. O. Ackley.

Charge, by Br. G. W. Montgomery.

Right hand of Fellowship, by Br. J. R. Johnson.

Address to the people, by Br. J. J. Austin.

Benediction, by Br. E. Case, Jr.

The ordination of Br. Case was solemn and impressive. The services were profoundly listened to by a "large audience." May he be true to his duty as a good minister of Jesus Christ, and may his Society be abundantly blessed by his labors.

Respectfully,

J. R. JOHNSON.

Victor, Jan. 5th, 1849.

DEDICATION AT CHESHIRE, MASS.

The Universalist Church recently erected in Cheshire, Mass., was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, on Wednesday the 3d instant, with appropriate religious exercises. The order of which was as follows, viz :

1st. Voluntary, by the Choir. "The Lord is in his holy temple."

2d. Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. S. M. Whipple.

3d. Hymn.

4th. Introductory prayer, by Rev. W. H. Waggoner.

5th. Hymn.

6th. Sermon, by Rev. W. H. Waggoner, from Eccl. xi. 6.

7th. Voluntary, by the Choir. "Dedication Hymn."

8th. Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. G. W. Gage.

9th. Benediction.

Sermons were preached in the afternoon and evening, by Brs. Gage and Waggoner.

The weather was extremely inclement—the highways, both on the mountains and through the valleys, were badly blocked up with the drifted snow, preventing the attendance of many ardent friends. Nevertheless, the above exercises were listened to by very respectable and devout audiences, who seemed to evince an ardent anxiety for the welfare and prosperity of our beloved Zion.

Meetings were held on the day following at S. Adams but owing to the very bad state of the roads, Br. Perkins was prevented from crossing the mountain, and therefore, the Ordaining services did not come off as advertised. Sermons were preached, however, by Brs. Gage, Waggoner and Hewes, to which an attentive audience listened with profound pleasure and as we hope, with much profit.

"Trumpet" and "Freeman," please copy.

THE OLIVE BRANCH

Commences the new year in a new dress, and with a large increase of matter and talent. It is a kind of religio-secular journal, containing a large amount of valuable reading. It is professedly in the service of the Protestant Methodists, but is fit to be read by any body, being made up of all sorts of reading, from grave to gay, religious to political, moral and laughable, truth and fiction. It has a wide circulation. It "brags a little" that it has received, "on an average, two hundred subscribers a week since the November elections!" We wish we could say as much of ourselves. Brethren, help us to say that. We would not tell a lie, but we would, for many reasons, dearly like to say it. It would be an honor and a blessing to ourselves, to you, and to the world. Will you consent to be outdone by the Protestant Methodists in such a race? We hope not. We give you a good, handsome paper, which improves as our subscribers increase. Help circulate our paper, get us new subscribers, and so we will go on unto perfection.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

We have now on hand several lengthy notices of this kind, and are constantly receiving more, and are sorely perplexed to know how to dispose of them. If we should attempt to publish them it would occupy one entire side of our large sheet. There is such a sameness in them, as to present very little variety in anything except the names and dates. We know that such articles are exceedingly interesting to the immediate friends and connexions of the deceased, but are possessed of but very little interest to any out of the family circle. Should we publish them all, we should incur severe censure if not loss of patronage, and if we refuse to publish them, we run the risk of offending friends whom we highly esteem, and whose good will we are anxious to secure. Will our brethren remember us in this emergency and spare us the painful task of denying their requests, when it is morally impossible to grant them. S. C. B.

CORRECTION.

Our printer, in making up the form, last week, inadvertently misplaced some marriage notices, and gave us credit for considerably more than belonged to us. The two at Piermont, were all that should have been set down to our account. The rest, in that connection, belonged to Rev. S. R. Smith, of Buffalo, who, as he doubtless pocketed the fee, ought not to be robbed of the honor, of performing the ceremony. We hope this explanation may prove satisfactory to all concerned.

THE EXHIBITION

Of the Bleecker st. Sunday School took place last week. The house was thoroughly crowded in every part, and more came than could gain admission. Everything went off to entire satisfaction. It was one of the best of the excellent exhibitions ever got up by that school. The proceeds amounted to over \$120. The managers deserve much praise for their devotion to the interests of the school. Everything connected with it is in a prosperous condition.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of a well-filled package from Br. Shrigley of Baltimore, and from several other valued friends. Our correspondents must have patience with us, and rest assured that they shall have a hearing at the earliest practicable moment.

Besides the series of excellent and interesting letters from Br. Greenwood, which we shall give as fast as space will permit, we have on hand several very excellent sermons and communications, which will afford a rich treat for our readers for some weeks to come. If correspondents will favor us with a more abundant supply of short articles, they will lay us under additional obligations for their kindness.

REV. T. CLAPP'S SERMON.

We trust that it is unnecessary to say anything more than simply to call the attention of the reader to the truly eloquent and able original discourse, that appears on our first page this week, to secure for it the attention it deserves. It will repay a careful and attentive perusal. We hope that the author may be induced to favor us with another communication ere long.

ENCOURAGING.—Gov. Fish, in his Message, recommends an amelioration of the Criminal Code of this State, (not remarkable for its severity) and gives expression to the sentiment that "punishment should be certain rather than severe." Can Capital Punishment endure, if this principle is reduced to practice?

Miscellaneous Department.

Original

THE CIRCASSIAN BRIDE.

BY MISS M. E. TILLOTSON.

Circassia's fairest daughter stood beside
 Her father, tho' a hardened foe he seemed ;
 Her snowy face, at once her price and pride,
 Her soft, dark eyes, which through their grief-drops beamed,
 Unveiled before the eager gaze and bold
 Of Sacha proud, or heartless, turban'd throng,
 Pressing to purchase—with dear love? nay, gold!
 Oh, human heart! how hast thou borne the wrong?

Seems she a bride—that shrinking, trembling thing,
 By stranger hands torn from her natal hearth?
 As such can Heaven her register, and bring
 The blessed peace of confidence on earth?—
 Or rather, do not even angels frown,
 And from their sweet-voiced lyres, wring notes of woe,
 While skies in pity bend in mourning down,
 And nature's tears in awful anguish flow?

The deed most sordid and revolting is,
 Consigning all the rights implied in life
 To him who feels no high-born sympathies
 For the weak slave, the vassal in the wife!
 And barb'rous custom, though some chords it sears
 Which tender feelings in the soul awake,
 Cannot annul in life's allotted years
 The outraged yearnings that the reft heart break.

What tho' she be the favorite of her lord?
 She's but a menial, shut from freedom's light;
 Her country's verdant hills no joy afford,
 Its vallies warm no pleasure yield her sight.
 Dark mystery wraps her undeveloped mind
 Whose noblest functions all chaotic lie;
 Yet its pent powers hold fruitless strife to find
 The unknown bliss their innate ken deserves.

What tho' she be the gorgeous Harem's queen,
 Acknowledged goddess of her master's breast;
 And robed in gems which ocean's depths have seen—
 Supplied with luxuries from east and west;
 Still, 'neath her bosom's tinsel'd folds she feels
 A void, a tyrant's curse, his prison bars,
 A thirst for heaven's pure air, earth's fresh, green fields,
 The wild bird's song, sweet dews 'neath moon and stars.

Perchance she knows not that in Christian climes,
 Beyond the swelling main, she may not see,
 Woman may wander, and with the full chimes
 Of birds and brooklets blend her voice as free;
 Yet nature's promptings, true to the design
 Of the great Infinite, their claims assert,
 Affection weeps for what it can't define,
 And symp'thy sighs for what the powers avert.
Smithville Flats, N. Y.

A FARMER'S BOY.

Francois Richard was born in 1765, in the obscure little hamlet of Trelat, commune of D'Epinay, in France. He was the son of a poor farmer, who shared the hardships at that time the common lot of the agriculturist—

hardships that can scarcely be conceived by those who know not what habit, patience, and, still more, Christian resignation, can enable men to endure. His early years though passed in poverty and retirement, were yet full of excitement; his young and ardent imagination was forever devising new projects; and even his sports and childish tricks betrayed his speculative turn of mind. At twelve years old, he gave himself up to the rearing of pigeons, and carried on a little trade in them, with success sufficient to encourage and stimulate his spirit of enterprise. But his dovecot gave umbrage to the lord of the soil, and he was compelled to sell it to him, receiving for it a sum equal to about thirty five shillings. Richard thought himself a rich man, and resolving to have some enjoyment from his wealth, he purchased leather shoes, which, amongst those who knew only the wooden shoe of the peasant, made him be looked upon as almost a gentleman.

Richard had nothing so much at heart as being no longer a burden to his father, whose poverty was, indeed, a grief to him. After the sale of his dovecot, he commenced speculating in dogs. This new trade gave him, in a short time, the means of procuring decent clothing; so that, by his rustic finery, he threw his school fellows as far into the shade as he had already done in much better things, by his progress in useful knowledge. Before he had attained his thirteenth year, he was qualified for the appointment of register to the cattle market of Villiers le Bocage.

At seventeen, he mentioned to his father his desire to quit the paternal roof for a sphere, larger and better adapted for realizing the objects of his ambition. His father made no objection; but, when the moment of separation came, he found himself obliged to confess that, in a time of great distress, he had expended the greater part of the savings which Richard had intrusted to his care, and that he had not now more than twelve francs (ten shillings) to give him. This communication did not discourage our enterprising youth. He took a most affectionate leave of his father, and, assuring him that he was only too glad to leave him this little earnest of the prosperity which he hoped yet to work out for him, set off, with his new clothes in his bag and his ten shillings in his pocket. He arrived at the chief town of Normandy with a light purse, but with as light a heart, buoyant with hope, and with a spirit of enterprise and determination that defied all difficulties. He deemed himself fortunate in at once obtaining the situation of clerk to a petty merchant; but, unhappily for him, his master was a rude, ignorant and avaricious man, incapable of appreciating such a mind as that of Richard. He made the young Norman his servant rather than his clerk. So long as it was only a matter of cleaning horses, helping to cook, and waiting at table, the youth made no complaint; but at length, his master having bought a new equipage, in order to make a suitable figure in some civic ceremonial, wanted him to act as footman; but, shrinking from this public exhibition, he positively refused, and quitted the house of the merchant.

And now his "thought by day, his dream by night," was to get to Paris, where, he might attain his darling object of acquiring a knowledge of mercantile business. But for this, money was necessary, and to procure it, Richard became a waiter at a small coffee-house, where, for one year, he steadily laid by everything he received, till he found he had in halfpence a sum sufficient for his journey. Arrived in the capital, it was not very easy for a poor youth, without either friend or relative in Paris to find the means of subsistence. After many unsuccessful efforts to get into a merchant's employment, he was obliged to resume the apron in a coffee-house kept by one of his countrymen. The perquisites there being

much more considerable than at Rouen, he found himself at the end of the year the possessor of forty pounds, and a few shillings. Nothing could henceforth check his progress; he devoted his little store to the purchase of some pieces of English dimity, a manufacture then unknown to France, and hawked them about till he disposed of all most advantageously. He renewed his stock as fast as it was exhausted; and when, after a year's labor, he summed up his accounts, he found a balance in his favor of one thousand pounds!

Richard continued his trade till 1789, when, by a fraudulent trick of an agent employed by him, his industry was suddenly checked by the loss of his whole stock. He was even arrested for an alleged debt of sixty pounds. He could easily have paid this sum and recovered his liberty; but his honest and independent mind revolted from every species of injustice; he knew that he had not incurred the debt, and he preferred remaining in prison to allowing roguery to triumph.

The revolutionary convulsions that afterward shook society to its very foundations were now beginning in France. On the 13th of July the riot broke out, and after pillaging the house of the manufacturer Reveillon, the mob fell upon La Force, where Richard was confined, broke it open, and set the prisoners free. Once again was Richard in the streets of Paris, with a toilet somewhat more neglected than usual, and twelve sous in his pocket; but he remembered his father's twelve francs, and thanked God and took courage. The house in which he had lodged his money had stopped payment during his imprisonment; but he borrowed a few crowns resumed his old trade of hawker, and six months after, his credit was re-established, and his trade flourishing. He now thought he might extend his operations, and took a large establishment in the Rue Francaise, and in 1792 was rich enough to purchase a domain near Ne Mours. But the revolutionary storm now broke forth in its full fury; and Richard, whose quiet disposition shrunk from the sanguinary struggles that rent his country, soon saw that a considerable time must elapse before there could be any security for trade, or any field for commercial enterprise. He accordingly settled his accounts, closed his warehouse, and, accompanied by his wife, Marie Alavoine, whom he had married in 1790, went to visit his father, and happily arrived at the very time that afforded him another opportunity of proving he had not forgotten the pledge he had given on leaving the home of his boyhood, of being yet the means of prosperity to his aged parent. The transports of joy at his unexpected arrival had not yet subsided, when two bailiffs entered the house with a warrant to distrain. The father had become security for the toll collector, and the old proverb was found true in this case—the surety, was obliged to pay; and the old man's goods would have been seized but for Richard's fortunate arrival and interposition.

When the madness of the people was somewhat calmed down, he returned to Paris and to fresh speculation. A very short time after his return, he became acquainted with a young merchant of the name of Lenoir-Dufresne. These two superior minds at once understood each other and a partnership was entered into which was to end only with the death of one of the parties, so long known and respected as the firm of Richard and Lenoir.

There were many points of resemblance between the two partners. Both possessed the same acuteness and almost intuitive tact in business, but the perhaps too boldly speculative mind of Richard found a happy counterbalance in the coolness and steadiness of Lenoir. Their trade was principally in English manufactures; and so extensive did it become, and so wonderfully did it prosper, that, two years after their partnership commenced they had realized on the two hundred and forty pounds which they had invested a net profit of £4,560.

And now Richard conceived a noble project indeed—the introduction into France of the cotton manufacture, hitherto monopolized by England; and his perseverance aided by an apparent accident, happily obtained for him the means of accomplishing his purpose. Having ripped some calico, he perceived, to his surprise, on weighing a certain quantity of thread, that a piece valued at £3. 6s 8d. only took 10s. worth of raw material! What a profit for the manufacturer! From that instant he hesitated no longer; his purpose was fixed and irrevocable. However, not wishing to do anything without his partner's consent, he communicated his project to Lenoir-Dufresne, who at first tried to dissuade him from attempting so bold and novel a plan; but seeing that his determination was not to be shaken, he finally left him at full liberty, though declining any interference. Richard's first step was the purchase of one hundred weight of cotton, and to get some looms made after the rough plans given him by a poor English mechanic. They were set up in a shop in the Rue de Bellefonds. The first essay was crowned with complete success in every point but the stamping of the calicoes; and as the printing of them was indispensable to their being saleable, Richard employed three months in endeavors to discover the secret of this process; but his efforts were vain! till at length his partner, whose prejudices had been removed, and who began to take an interest in the manufacture, gave him a clue to the discovery.

The manufacture now became so sought after, as to make the want of machinery sensibly felt. Richard was anxiously devising some mode of procuring a model of the English machinery so well known under the name of spinning-jenny, when he was again fortunate enough to meet with an Englishman, who, in less than three months, constructed twenty-two of these frames; and as their former premises were now too narrow for this addition, the two partners took from the government a spacious mansion in the Rue de Thougny; and the house once the abode of luxury and wealth, was suddenly metamorphosed into the workshop of the poor but industrious artisans. The number employed now became so great that they were soon obliged to add to their concerns a large convent in the neighborhood. A few days after, Napoleon came to visit their establishment, and he was so struck with the completeness of the novel machinery with the clearness of Richard's judgment, the elevation of his views, and the boldness with which he labored for the commercial freedom of France, that he offered any encouragement he yet needed; and on finding that their establishment was not even yet large enough, he gave a grant of another convent at the opposite side of the street.

The manufactory of Richard and Lenoir now assumed an almost colossal importance, realizing a monthly profit of £1600. The indefatigable Richard set up successively three hundred spinning jennies in different villages of Picardy, forty at Alencon, and one hundred in the Abbey of St. Martin. Nor was his native province forgotten, for he opened a manufactory there which gave bread to six hundred workmen. Neither did his enlightened benevolence stop here. Incessant were his efforts to raise those in his employment in the social scale, by placing educational advantages within their reach. In an asylum which he founded for the orphan children of both sexes of those workmen who died in his employment, he not only endeavored to inspire them with a spirit of industry, but had them taught reading, writing arithmetic, and music; carefully providing also religious instruction. He waged open war with the spirit-shop; and in order that his workmen might not go to the public-house for recreation, he opened for their use a reading-room and a music-room.

For more than ten years, Richard and Lenoir seemed

to mount from step to step to the pinnacle of human prosperity. But, in 1806, a sad and unexpected event broke up a partnership which might have served as a model—so perfect was the agreement, yet so remarkable the combination of opposite qualities of mind to the most beneficial results. Lenoir died suddenly, and Richard found himself alone at the head of the establishment; and having no one now to restrain him, he gave full scope to his gigantic views. He sat up two more factories at Caen and Laigle, which made the number under his superintendence amount to six, all in admirable order, and provided with every essential for working. But one object of his ambition still remained to be attained—he wished France to be no longer obliged to import the raw material from countries that did not acknowledge her sway. In Napoleon's career of conquest, Italy had now become, as it were, but an appendage of his vast empire; and it was to the generous soil of Naples that Richard purposed confiding his cotton plantation. Seeds were often found in the bales of cotton coming from America, and these he had now carefully collected, and when he had got a sufficient quantity, he conveyed them to Castel a Mare, where they succeeded so entirely, that one year after, he brought into France, as the produce of his first crop, twenty thousand weight of raw cotton.

Up to this point, Richard could only be regarded as the most encouraging example of the union of persevering industry with bold and enterprising genius. It is to be regretted that he must serve also as a warning against speculations that now took the character of rashness. The union between Holland and France threw an immense quantity of cotton goods into the market, and Richard could no longer find sale for what he had on hand; and with six factories perpetually at work, the quantity manufactured was very great. This was the origin of his first difficulties. Vainly did his friends urge him to close some of his establishments for a short time; vainly did his confidential clerk entreat him to strike a balance, and retire from trade:—"You have done enough for France, and nobly maintained your reputation; think now of your interests, and of taking the rest you have so well earned." Richard was deaf to every argument, and continued manufacturing in ruinous quantities.

His involvements increased to an overwhelming degree, and he was obliged to have recourse to the emperor, to whom he frankly stated his situation. Napoleon, who had ever respected him, and had but very lately conferred upon him the cross of the Legion of Honor, did not keep him long in suspense; and a loan of fifteen hundred thousand francs enabled him to meet the immediate demands upon him. But the great cause of the evil still remained, and Richard at length thought of adopting the manufacture of wool instead of that of cotton. This new undertaking succeeded at first, and was attended with considerable profits; but soon fresh disaster occurred; and when the year 1813 arrived, so pregnant with the reverse of fortune to the emperor, ruin was impending over the enterprising manufacturer.

But personal anxieties were not suffered to make him indifferent to the fate of his fellow citizens. When, in the defence of Paris against the enemy's troops, a number of men had been wounded and conveyed to the hospital, Richard in visiting them, saw that they were lying on the bare ground. He immediately supplied, at his own expense, eight hundred straw beds, and employed the boiler of his bleach-house at Bon Secours to make broth, daily carried to them by his servants and clerks, who attended on them in the hospitals. We need scarcely say, that this heavy expense was incurred without either expectation or desire of indemnification.

And now the troops of the allied sovereigns took possession of Paris, entered it on the 31st of March. Rich-

ard, though greatly attached to Bonaparte, from his kindness to himself personally, and therefore deeply grieved at his fallen fortunes, yet saw clearly that the fate of thousands of his dependents was involved in protection being extended to his manufactories by the restored Bourbons, and therefore he did not refuse to head the legion he commanded, when it was ordered out to receive the Count d'Artois at the barriers. But any hopes he might have entertained of their patronage were fallacious. The exhausted state of the public finances at the restoration, besides many other reasons, compelled the Bourbons to yield to the demand of England, that the duty upon cotton should be altogether taken off. The bill to that effect, which was passed without any clause of indemnity to the present holders of stock, found Richard with a fortune of eight millions, and rendered him poorer than when he first left his native village.

Even in this extremity, Richard, supported by his perseverance and fortitude, did not despair. He resolved to hold on, though now less to maintain his commercial reputation, than not to plunge into utter destitution the twenty thousand workmen in his employment. But he had soon exhausted all his own resources, and he was obliged to have recourse to loans, for which so high an interest was exacted, that in a little time his ruin was complete. He at length retreated from his struggle with adverse circumstances, almost penniless, yet respected and esteemed by his fellow citizens. But the change from almost incessant activity to a life which seemed to him now without an object, was too sudden and too great. He had now to struggle with all the privations of poverty; and the bent and furrowed brow once so clear, so open—the pale, melancholy features, once, so animated—proved how utterly this blow had prostrated all the energy of his character. It was not until October, 1839, nearly twenty years after the ruin of his fortunes that death put a period to his mental suffering. His remains were followed to the grave by a numerous assemblage of those very workmen to whom he had been not merely a patron, but a father; and many were their tears of heartfelt sorrow.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

—Original.

A LITTLE CHILD'S DEATH.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

The sweet floweret that we cherished,
For the wreath of joy it gave,
In its early bloom has perished,
And is hidden in the grave.

Death came down on viewless pinions,
Gazed upon the floweret fair,
And then bore it to dominions
Where the blessed angels are.

We have yielded up the blossom,
Just expanding to the day,
But 'tis gathered to the bosom
Of the blest in bright array.

There, within the shining bowers—
Gardens of the second birth—
It is blooming with the flowers
That have faded from the earth!

Utica, N. Y.

A FATHER'S LAMENT FOR HIS YOUNG DAUGHTER.

Thou art torn from me, my blossom, thy fragrance is no more!
And I thy early blighting with bitter tears deplore,
In vain I look on other flowers—no rose so fair I see—
For Ada was the sweetest bud in all the world to me!

Oh, thou wast nurtured tenderly, and watered with the dew
Of life's best affection unchangeable and true,
But summer breezes wafted thee where summer daisies lie—
Alas, my beautiful! alas that thou should'st fade and die!

My child! my child! my darling child! I sit and weep alone,
To think that thou, my gentle dove, so far away hast flown—
So far away; for that bright heaven, to which thy soul was borne,
Is very far from this dim earth, where I am left to mourn.

Oh when the music of thy voice fell on my listening ear,
Unconscious as a robin's chirp, and ah, more soft and clear—
I dreamed, when years had passed away, I still should hear thy words,
More welcome than the harmonies of all the singing birds.

A TOUCHING PICTURE.

They were trying a poor, sick, disconsolate looking woman. She was charged with having stolen an old cloak worth one dollar and a half, and the evidence being against her, was asked if she had anything to say. I did not hear the first part of her story; her voice was so hollow and sepulchral, and she trembled violently; but as she gained confidence, she was understood to say she had lost her husband, who had been for a long time sick—he could not work, and day by day some little article of furniture went to relieve their pressing necessities; the husband became worse; the hopes indulged in for his recovery grew fainter; daily he wasted in strength, until he died, leaving her sick, and poor, and broken-hearted.

Well, she was friendless, and could get no employment. God of Heaven! shall one starve in a land of plenty? No, no; kind neighbors almost as poor as herself, gave her of their scanty store! But what shall she do to shield her wasted body from the chilling blasts of winter!

Tottering through the street, she saw an old cloak hanging on the fence! Surely the owner cannot want it; it is old and torn, yet there is much generous warmth in it; I will take it—it will keep out the intrusive wintry wind; the owner will not care, as the cloak is old, almost worn out!

She wrapped herself in its moth eaten folds, (ah; how comfortable to her was the embrace of that poor, old despised cloak!) and was going on her quiet way, when a rude hand was laid on her shoulder: "You have stolen my cloak, woman!", said the brave man, "and you shall go to prison." She cried, and begged, and piteously entreated, but it availed not, and wicked boys scoffed and jeered, till the poor woman cried aloud. "Come along!" shouted the man.

"Ah! do not drag me!" said the poor creature. "I am sick and faint; be gentle as you hope for mercy!" "Come along, I tell you!" ejaculated the strong, well-clad and well-fed man, "I'll teach you to steal, my lady, come along?" Half walking—half staggering from exhaustion, she was dragged to prison. After being there two weeks she was taken out and tried, and sentenced to six months imprisonment in the county prison. God will open her prison doors ere half that time expires!

Do you sigh, gentle reader? Why, such scenes, ay, worse, a thousand times worse, are of daily occurrence here, and they excite no sympathy—thought. I sometimes think it is a bad world! Ah, me!

ELECTION OF A U. S. SENATOR IN PA.—The Hon. James Cooper, (Whig) was elected U. S. Senator on the third ballot.

DIFFERENCE IN BOYS AND GIRLS.

In my frequent romps with the children, I have always loved to notice how early the difference develops itself in the dispositions and carriage of the two sexes. Long before he has displaced the unmanly gown for the breeches, the boy shows himself formed of grosser elements by his rude and boisterous actions, while the girl is as early known by a certain primness and decorum, and a slight tinge of affectation, which seems proper to the sex. Their behavior to strangers is entirely different. The boy comes forward with a bold, confident air, as if he meant to take the heart by storm; he has a thousand questions to ask, and, unless checked, is apt to weary by his talkativeness. But not so with the girl. She first peeps at the visitor from behind her mother's chair; then slowly ventures out from her place of safety; pouts her rosy lips; looks out of the corners of her eyes; she is at last tempted into the stranger's arms, receives his caresses in modest silence hanging down her head, and hardly venturing an answer to his simplest question. She shows a motherly care, too, for her wild young brother. She is fond of holding his head in her lap and lulling him asleep. She loves to have gloves on her hand, and a reticule, with a handkerchief stuffed in it, which she takes great pride in folding; and when her brothers have ruined a parsnip-bed by digging after babies, it is she who dresses the young inanimates and tends them with a mother's care. Nor is she, in other respects, without the use of her hands. She can apply a box to the ears of a naughty brother with an emphasis and decorum that would not disgrace a lady of thirty. She has already learned to stroke down her gown, and shows particular expertness in that art which the ladies call "fixing themselves." And all these accomplishments are served up together, upon a rich ground of modesty, which relieves their more glaring tints, and makes the colors harmonize with the most lovely and delicate hues. This distinction in her favor is often a lasting one. Little girls, of any age, have a peculiar tact in noticing any slight shade of sorrow, especially upon the face of a mother; and they seldom fail to show their sympathy by sober silence. Their better soul is born before their reason buds. And perhaps of all the beautiful things up on earth there's none more charming than the quiet looks and modest airs of a sweet young girl, before she has gone to school and been taught how to giggle. There is a flood of mind and feeling in the mellow glance of her eye; a thrilling sweetness in the tones of her voice; an artless playfulness in her very affectations, which can melt even the bachelor's soul, and send the most exquisite throbs along the heart-strings of a father. She resigns the queen of hearts before she has learned the language of love.

A CONFERENCE

Of the Chenango Association of Universalists will be held at Smithville Flats, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 24th and 25th inst. Ministering brethren in our own, and the adjoining Associations, friends generally, in Greene, Upper Lisle, McDonough, Preston, Oxford, and elsewhere in the surrounding region, and all others who are willing to hear the "good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people," are earnestly invited to attend.

J. T. GOODRICH, Standing Clerk.

January 4th. 1849.

CONFERENCE AT MARYLAND, OTSEGO COUNTY.

There will be a Universalist Conference Meeting, in the Baptist Church at the above named place, on Wednesday and Thursday 24th and 25th January, 1849. A cordial invitation is extended to our friends, and the public generally, to attend;

THE ONTARIO ASSOCIATION

Of Universalists will hold a Conference in Hemlock Village, (Slab-city!) town of Livoia, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 24th and 25th of January.

The Conference will be held in the Methodist Church. Come, ministering brothers, and let us have a good conference.

Per order. J. R. JOHNSON, Standing Clerk.

Victor, Jan. 5th, 1849.

DONATION VISIT.

The friends of the Rev. T. J. Whitcomb, in Newport and vicinity, are respectfully invited to attend a Donation Visit, at his residence, in Newport Village, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, Feb 1st.

Per Order of the Committee.

Newport, Jan. 9th, 1849.

UNIVERSALIST UNION TEACHERS' SOCIETY.

The regular Monthly Meeting of this Society will be held in the Lecture Room of the Orchard-Street Church, on Monday evening next, January 22d, at 7 o'clock.

S. H. VREELAND MOORE, Recording Secretary.

January 20, 1849.

INSTALLATION.

Rev. J. J. Twiss will be installed Pastor of the 2d Universalist Society in Stamford, Ct., on Wednesday afternoon, 24th inst. Sermon by Bro. T. B. Thayer, of Brooklyn, N. Y. There will also be present on the occasion, Brs. O. A. Skinner, E. H. Chapin, W. S. Balch, Moses Balton, and B. B. Hallock. Ministering brethren and other friends, are earnestly invited to attend. For the information of the city friends, we will just say, that the cars leave New-York at 8 and 8 1-2, A. M. and returning, leave this place at 4 1-2, P. M.

Friends from abroad will please call at the Church for places of entertainment.

SAMUEL GAGE,
WM. W. LOCKWOOD, } Committee.
J. L. LOCKWOOD,

Stamford, 8th Jan., 1849.

CIRCULAR.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Bills for the abolishment of this odious law have already been introduced into the Senate and Assembly of this State. The friends of this Reform in the Legislature will feel greatly encouraged and sustained by receiving Memorials, petitions, letters, &c., from their constituents, and we call upon all who feel interested in this movement to make themselves heard in the halls of Legislation.

Petitions, &c., may be sent to Hon. A. J. Coffin, of the Senate, Albany, N. Y. GEORGE E. BAKER, Cor. Sec. N. Y. A. C. P. S.
Jan. 8, 1849.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Hunt, there is no such firm here, and no such work as that spoken of in your letter, to be obtained in this city.

Br. Bull, the Concordance will cost \$5.

Br. Tompkins, send Quarterly to G. Gorton, Utica, Macomb Co. Michigan; credit him \$2 50, and charge the same to this office.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Lyon is giving a course of Lectures in illustration and defence of Universalism, in the church, corner of South Third and Fourth-sts., Williamsburgh. Subject next Sabbath evening: Nature and design of punishment.

Br. D. Skinner will preach at Holland Patent, 3d Sunday, inst., and at Frankfort the Sunday after, (4th Sunday inst.)

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Croton, N. Y., the 1st Sunday in February, and evenings as follows: Somers, Feb. 1st; Yorktown, 2d; Peekskill, 3d; Sing Sing, 4th; New Castle, 5th; North Castle, near Dr. Mackay's, 6th.

Rev. S. C. Bulkeley will preach in New Haven, Connecticut, at such time and place as the friends may appoint, the third Sunday in this month, (21st inst.)

MARRIAGES.

In Fallsburg, Sullivan Co., Dec. 9th, by Rev. O. Whiston, Mr. Thomas Dean, to Miss Sarah Tompkins, both of Fallsburg.

In Winfield, on the 3d inst., by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. Samuel Remington, of Ilion, to Miss Flora A. Carver, second daughter of Benjamin Carver, Esq., of the former place.

In Deerfield, on the 9th inst. by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. Stephen B. Johnson, of Frankfort, to Miss Catharine Dygert, second daughter of the late Col. David Dygert, of Ilion.

In Utica, by E. Francis, Dec. 21st, Mr. David Baker, of Utica, to Miss Olive Cummings, of Frankfort.

Dec. 25th, Mr. Andrew J. Kilburn of Rome, to Miss Sarah Christman, of Floyd.

Jan. 1st, Mr. George A. Martin, of Weston, to Miss Polly Carpenter, of Floyd.

DEATHS.

In Canton, St. Lawrence Co., Dec. 30, Mrs. Marion Bridge, aged 25 years. Mrs. Bridge was an amiable and excellent woman, and died rejoicing in the triumphs of faith. May the divine consolations of the Gospel be with the bereaved husband and sympathizing friends.

In Michigan, June 7th, in the 24th year of her age, Mrs. Angelina D. Deeke, of Victor, N. Y. The deceased was a most amiable and estimable woman, and her untimely departure is deeply lamented, not only by her surviving partner, but by a numerous circle of relatives and friends.

In Utica, Oct. 17th, 1848, Mr. Abzaren Barney, aged 27 years. Our deceased Br. endured a protracted indisposition with great fortitude and resignation, and departed in full faith of the doctrine of the "Restitution." Happy are they who like him have a kind father and mother to watch over them in their last moments; and more blessed still, are all those who enjoy the faith and hope that he possessed. His remains were brought home to Newport for interment, accompanied by several of the Brothers of the Lodge of I. O. O. F., of Utica, to which he belonged; and interred in due form, by the members of the Lodge at Newport. A discourse (by his request), was delivered to the relatives, and a large audience of sympathizing friends, in the Universalist Church at Newport, by the writer, Oct. 19th.

In Trenton, Miss Emily Phillio, daughter of the late Darius, and Laura Phillio, aged 25 years.

In Russia, December 1st, John, a promising son of William and Abba Forrest, aged 14 years.

In Trenton, December 23d, Mr. Gilbert Pittman, aged 56 years. Obsequies by the writer, in the Church at Prospect, December 26th.

New-York Cattle Market...Tuesday, Jan. 9.

At market 1,500 Beef Cattle, 60 Cows and Calves, and 4,000 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE.—The intervention of the Holidays has prevented the usual amount of business being done the past week, and the attendance in the yards on Monday was particularly sparse. Prices have given way a little, and the fair average of the market may now be quoted at, say from \$6 to \$8 50 per cwt, with a few extra at \$9. 500 left over unsold.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales at from \$24 to \$33 a 48. All sold.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—The offerings are very heavy. Prices of sheep 1 25 to 2 75 a 450. Lambs \$1 to 2 75. Left over 500.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.
PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5 75a6 12	Beef, mess, per bbl.	11 50a13 00
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 23	" Prime, "	\$6 50a7 50
" Western, "	1 12a1 20	Lard, per lb.,	7a7 1-2
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	3 00a3 25	Cheese, "	6 1-2a7 1-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	65a68	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	19a22
" mixed, "	62a65	" Western, "	16a18
" New Orleans, "	62a64	" Ohio Common,	10a12
Rye, "	66	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	37a44	" L'pool grnd, sack, 1 02a1 05	
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	15a\$16 50	" " fine, " 1 25a1 35	
" Prime, "	13 00a\$14	Wool, pulled and fleece,	23 a 36

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	59a60	Timothy Seed, tierce,	15a17
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover " per lb.,	6a7
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	" bushel,	1 20a1 25